Central America

By

Rev. C. Warren Jones

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REV. C. WARREN JONES

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GENERAL FOREIGN MISSIONARY
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Dedication

In sending out this little book, the writer's only aim is to acquaint our people with the conditions that prevail in Central America, and to interest them in this needy field.

I want to thank, in particular, Rev. R. S. Anderson, the Superintendent of our work, who has contributed a chapter; also the other missionaries, who helped in the gathering of facts, and in every way made my trip so pleasant.

As this book goes forth, may the Lord use it in stirring up a greater missionary zeal and enthusiasm; and may we respond to the Macedonian call as never before.

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Introduction

The author of this book, Rev. C. Warren Jones, has been known to the writer for a number of years. The first time we heard him speak, we were impressed with his missionary zeal and activities. Since the first meeting we have watched with keen delight his increasing interest in missionary activities. He is not limited in his vision, but is world-wide, and in recent years his untiring efforts have resulted in increased giving to the cause of foreign missions. He has awakened a lasting interest in this great cause in the hearts of many.

After waiting on the Lord for divine guidance, the way providentially opened for him to take a missionary evangelistic trip to Central America. His experience in the homeland as pastor and evangelist had well fitted him for this tour. That he proved a blessing while in Central America has been testified to by letters of commendation and appreciation received from our missionaries since his return. While his visit to the field was of short duration, compared to the usual missionary term, yet he acquired a fund of information that will answer many questions rising in the minds of lovers of missions. He has therefore written this excellent booklet, "Central America," with its many beautiful illustrations made from original photographs. This booklet will be an excellent addition to missionary literature, and will supply a need that is felt by many students of Latin America.

It is earnestly hoped that this booklet will be given the circulation worthy of the spirit which prompted its production, and that many will read and learn of the need, and cheerfully answer, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

E. G. Anderson,

General Secretary and Treasurer of the General Foreign Missionary Board of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene.

Central America

CHAPTER I.

TRIP TO THE FIELD.

ON November 5, 1917, the last thing which might have proved a barrier was overcome, and it was settled that the hope of months was to be realized. The Holy Spirit had been calling, and God overcame one seeming difficulty after another, and now the way seemed clear.

The date for leaving home was set for December 6th, leaving just one month in which to make the necessary preparation. The days passed entirely too quickly, for the trunks and grips were soon packed, and early on Thursday morning, December 6th, the writer bade wife and a few friends farewell, and the Burlington Limited started for Kansas City, Mo.

In less than an hour after leaving Spokane we were crossing Idaho, and were soon in the mountains of Montana. In turn, we crossed the corner of Wyoming, and South Dakota and across the prairies of Nebraska.

The sudden cold wave, which was general, caused the train to lose time, and instead of arriving in Kansas City Saturday evening, it did not arrive until an early hour on Sunday morning.

A few hours rest was secured in a nearby hotel, and then I started for the church on Troost avenue, arriving in time for the latter part of the Sunday school, and soon found myself in a Bible class taught by Brother C. W. Jones. I was glad to meet this brother of the same name and with the same initials. It brought to mind other days when we were associated together in Portland, Oregon. It was a

great privilege as well as a blessing to meet Brothers Sanders, Rice, Scott, and Hunt, all of whom I had met on other fields. Then how it rejoiced my heart to worship with the saints, and listen to a soul-stirring message by the pastor, Brother Chambers!

The writer was announced to preach at night, but after taking dinner at the home of Brother and Sister Kinder, and consulting train schedules, it was thought best to take an afternoon train for New Orleans, so as to make sure of the steamer leaving on the 12th.

On arriving at New Orleans, I found that my passport from Washington City had not arrived, and was told that I could not embark without the same. I was fully a thousand miles from the nearest earthly friends that I knew, and as pleasant as it is to have them near, they probably could not have given the needed help at that time. Bless God, I was able to take up the matter with the Father at the main office. A message was soon going over the wires between New Orleans and Washington City, and in spite of the fact that the men in the ticket office said the boat would leave at 10 a. m., by 9 a. m. they said that certain things had happened, and it would be impossible to get away until 3 p. m. By 12 noon the officials had a telegram from the State Department in Washington giving me permission to embark, and saying that my passport would follow. Amen! "God still hears and answers prayer." By hurrying, I went aboard the *Sixaola* at 2: 50 p. m.

I was soon on my way down the Mississippi river in company with two outgoing missionaries to Central America, Brother and Sister A. R. Higgs, of Illinois. They were going out under the Holiness Christian Church. I found them to be very congenial people, and enjoyed the Christian fellowship very much.

On Saturday morning our steamer cast anchor in Havana harbor, very close to where the *Maine* was blown up, about twenty years ago. We were in sight of Moro Castle.

What a beautiful view met us on all sides! The low-lying hills were a beautiful green, and the city was a sea of white buildings. The day was warm, much like a May or early June day in our northern states.

We went ashore to see the city. Many strange sights greeted us. We took an auto ride, and thus were able to see many points of interest; and returned in the evening to our steamer, wishing that we had more time to spend in the capital of the Cuban republic. Sunday was a quiet day on board, and in the evening we again put to sea.

Tuesday, about noon, we sighted an island to the east, and soon caught sight of the coast of Spanish Honduras, Central America. About 4 p. m., the steamer put in at a port called Tela. Here we remained until midnight. When the sun arose the next morning we were at Puerto Cortez, and at 5 p. m. we went ashore at Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, Central America. I had traveled, on land and water, about four thousand miles in the two weeks, and was indeed thankful to set my feet on Central American soil.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY THE PROTESTANTS.

For centuries past the Roman Catholic church has been the predominant factor in the political, social, and religious life of the people of Central America. To a certain extent this colossal ecclesiastical organization has been forced to relinquish her hold upon the governments of the different republics; but the church gives up very reluctantly, and to say the least, exerts every influence possible; and her leaders long for the time to come when once again the church and state shall be one.

In Latin America one sees just a little of the age-long conflict. Romanism is entrenched. Her principles are woven into the very fiber of society. For over three hundred years she held undisputed sway. There was n't a rival. Protestantism was slow to move, and found it hard to get a foothold and oppose an enemy so well fortified.

But the time came when the pioneers made a safe landing on her coasts, and pushed their way into the interior and blazed trails for others to follow. These republics to the south have had their Livingstones and Moffats and Patons. In the face of the greatest obstacles the Protestant pioneer missionaries marched across the burning sands and climbed the mountains and bearded the lion in his den, in order to lay a foundation and pave the way whereby the down-trodden millions of these poor, deluded, deceived, paganized, and Romanized sons and daughters of Adam's race might hear the story of life and salvation.

The writer found that a number of the churches have missionaries on the field. Some of them have been on the field for years. At the present most of the missionary work is being done in Guatemala; but the borders are being extended, for there are a few who will obey the command of our Savior, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel

to every creature." Some one has said, and well said, "Every man has a right to hear the gospel once before anybody hears it twice."

The Central American Missions is an interdenominational organization, with headquarters at Paris, Texas. They have about twenty-five missionaries on the field, with their central station in Guatemala City. It was the writer's privilege to visit the capitol and meet the superintendent of the work, Rev. Mr. Bishop, and to be entertained in the home of one of the missionaries, Rev. J. T. Butler. I shall not forget very soon the kindness and Christian courtesy shown me by Brother and Sister Butler. It was here that I met three of their women missionaries, Sisters Zimmerman, Hauser, and Sturman.

I visited the Presbyterian headquarters, and found that they had twelve missionaries in the country. Prior to the earthquakes they had a commodious church, a fine printing establishment, and a large school; but their loss has been heavy.

The Friends have their headquarters at Chiqumula, and have six or seven missionaries on the field and a large force of native workers. Their superintendent is Ruth Esther Smith. They have a good school, and are doing a great work. Their influence is felt far and near. It was a great disappointment to the writer not to be able to visit this people.

The Baptists have six missionaries on the field, but are doing all their work in Salvador.

The Holiness Christian Church has three missionaries, and they have their headquarters at Gaulan, in Guatemala. It was the writer's good fortune to meet two of these missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. A. R. Higgs, in New Orleans, and thus have their company on the trip to the field. When we arrived at Puerto Barrios, Sister Lillie Oliver of the Holiness Christian Church met us and took us to her home.

Here we spent several days, and had our first experience of preaching through an interpreter.

These that I have mentioned, along with the missionaries of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene and a few independent missionaries, comprise the Protestant missionary band laboring in Central America.

The different organizations are doing a great work. They have not been able to win the masses to Jesus Christ, but thousands of native Christians can be found scattered over the country. When one stops to think of how Romanism is entrenched, and the devices and schemes resorted to by the church to hold her people; and how the minds of the people have been poisoned against the Protestants, the results during the last decade seem wonderful.

Surely, God is working; and in spite of the darkness and superstition that prevails, the future for the real soldiers of the Cross is bright. The fields are white. The golden grain needs to be garnered. Who will go and labor in the great harvest field?

CHAPTER III.

OUR WORK.

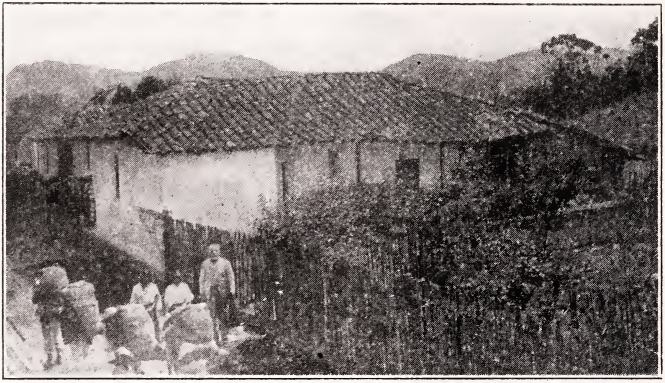
If you will glance at the map of Central America, you will notice that Guatemala is divided into departments or states. Beginning in the north, you find the department of Peten and then Alta-Verapaz (or upper-Verapaz) and Baja-Verapaz (or lower-Verapaz). All this territory has been allotted to the Pentecostal Nazarenes, and consequently we are the only church doing missionary work within these departments.

The department of Peten is very sparsely settled. The total population is only ten thousand, and these are Indians. They do not speak Spanish, but have a dialect of their own. It is unwritten, and therefore it is not an easy matter to acquire the language. Then the country is very rough and the climate is unhealthy. For these reasons, connected with various others, we have not done any work in this most northern state.

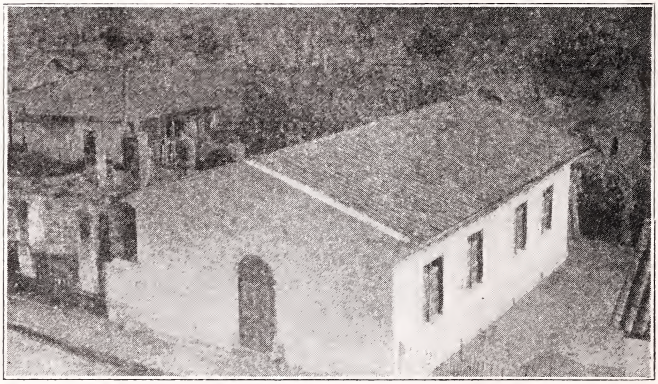
The other two departments are thickly populated; and while there are many Indians, yet there are thousands of Spanish-speaking people. These people are known as Ladinos, and are either Spanish or Spanish and Indian mixed. In the department of Alta-Verapaz they number thirty thousand, and the majority of them live in towns, making it easy to get the gospel to them.

Our work centers in Coban, the capital of Alta-Verapaz. The population numbers fifteen thousand. The altitude is four thousand two hundred feet above sea level, and the climate is quite healthful. It is not subject to the extremes that one finds near the coast.

The mission property is well located in the center of the city. A neat and commodious chapel was completed last year at a cost of about $900. It will easily seat one hundred and fifty people. It is of concrete construction and is fin-



NAZARENE MISSION, SAN PEDRO, GUATEMALA, C. A.



NAZARENE CHAPEL, COBAN, GUATEMALA, C. A.

ished with native lumber. There are two small classrooms. The building is well lighted and conveniently arranged. A short distance from the chapel we come to the printing plant. Here, several thousand copies of the paper *El Christiana* are printed and sent out each month, besides thousands of tracts are published each year for distribution, and thus the gospel is carried to the people.

These two pieces of property are owned by the General Foreign Missionary Board, and are free from debt.

The school work is carried on in a rented building at the present time. This property adjoins the chapel property, and we hope the time will soon come when it will become the property of the church.

The work has grown. Property has been bought and a station established at San Pedro, a town five miles from Coban. At first an inside lot, with a house large enough for a mission and home for the native worker, was bought; but while the writer was on the field the Superintendent purchased the corner lot. This will make an ideal place for a chapel building when the work demands it. The location is good, being only two blocks from the center of town.

Another station had been established at Caquiton, ten miles northeast of San Pedro and fifteen miles from Coban. Here an inexpensive chapel has been built on the farm of Don Bonifacio, who is the native worker. This brother also conducts a school in connection with the work.

The most recent advance, and one which we believe will bring great results, was the opening of a work at Salama, the capital of Baja-Verapaz. Rev. J. D. Franklin and wife have been stationed here, and no doubt this will become the center for work in this department. Salama is about fifty miles south from Coban.

These two cities are strategic points, and with a number of good towns in which stations can be started the prospects were never brighter. The foundation for a great work has been prayerfully and carefully laid. Let us stand behind

it with our prayers and our money, and with some of our young people; and do something which will mean the salvation of thousands.

NAZARENE CHAPEL, CAQUITON, GUATEMALA, C. A.

CHAPTER IV.

WHY DO MISSIONARY WORK IN ROMAN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES ?

[BY REV. R. S. ANDERSON]

This question is asked by many people in Christian lands. Many good people think missionaries are out of their place in Roman Catholic countries. This question arises in the minds of the people because of ignorance concerning the Church of Rome, at home and abroad. At home (in the United States) we see her as an egg. In Latin America we find her hatched; yea, a full-grown bird of prey; vulture; serpent. Shells serve to hide the bad of many things. In this case, the shell of good (?) works; false teachings, high walls, closed windows, barred doors, cellars with subterranean passages, subterranean cemeteries for dumping the bodies of murdered infants born out of wedlock, a make-believe educational system, and many other things of like manner serve to hide the evil deeds done in the name of religion.

Could the curtain be drawn and the mask be removed from the hideous face of Romanism, the Christian world would no longer ask, Why do missionary work in Roman Catholic countries? Read the horrors of the Inquisition of the Roman Catholic Church. She has the same black heart today as then, and would do the same as then, if it were not for the laws of the lands.

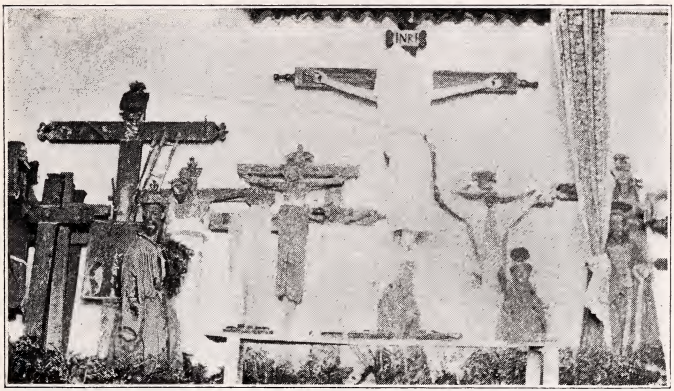
In some places the pope, bishops, and priests are telling the people to read the Bible. This is a mere veil to hide herself behind. At heart she does not want the people to read the Word of God; and she is still collecting all the Bibles and portions of the Bible she can get her hands on, and burning them. It seems, from what people say, that about all the priests of this land (Central America) preach

to the people in a known tongue is against the Protestants and the Bible. They say mass in Latin (I doubt if many of them know much more Latin than I do), and the people go away as they came — with a hungry, but unfed, heart. Just last night one of our native workers told of his conversation with a Romanist who asked him and his wife what they would do should the days of the Inquisition return. They told him they would rather die than deny their Lord. The fellow said he thought the Inquisition would return. Were it not for the laws of these Latin American countries the missionaries would not be safe.

Latin American pagans were converted by the tribes to Romanism. That was not a very hard task in most instances. The Indians were willing to displace their mud gods for the well-painted "Saints" of Romanism. In many instances the Indians continue to worship as before, but bow down to different idols. What child would not gladly throw away an old, dirty, ragged, rag doll to receive a beautifully painted and well dressed china doll? The Indian does not have to turn from his sins to become a Catholic. He may continue in his sins as before, if he is willing to pay the priest to baptize him and his children; and pay whatever else the church may impose. He is faithful. When he dies he goes to the Romanist's heaven — purgatory. The doctrine of purgatory was invented so as to get what money a man failed to give the church during his life.

In some of these Latin American countries it is against the law for a priest or minister to perform a marriage ceremony before the couple have been married by the civil authorities. The priests charged so much for their services, this law became necessary. He determined not to lose his fee, so he tells the people they are living in fornication unless they are married by the church. The high cost of getting married causes many people to live together out of wedlock. They think they must make a great feast at the

time of their marriage; and many are not able to do it, so do not get married. In many places, to live out of wedlock is the rule, and married life is the exception. I might say the priests set the example. It is not at all uncommon to hear some one say, "Such and such a person is the son or daughter of the priest."



IMAGES IN ROMISH CHURCH.

The priests are so very immoral that the men who think have forbidden their wives and daughters going to the confession box. We have heard women, who do not profess to be Protestants, say that the priests tried to steal their virtue in the confession box. Some one said of a certain priest of a certain town that he was a pretty good fellow; they had not heard of his being dead drunk more than once or twice since he came to the town. About one month ago a priest stopped at the home of one of our native Christians. He was a good ways from sober, and carried a quart bottle of rum with him. He treated the men in the house, one of whom was more or less under conviction for

his sins, and wanted to quit the drink habit. "Like priests like people." "If the blind lead the blind they will both fall into the ditch"— hell.

You say, But the Catholics are not like that in the United States. For this I say, you are seeing the egg and we are seeing the full-grown bird of prey; vulture; serpent. You see the bud. We see the flower in full bloom, sending forth awful odors from the pit. The United States is the girl being courted by the Romish Church. Latin America is the woman after four hundred years of married life. The United States is being lured into bondage by the sugar-coated lies of this serpent. Latin America is crying out for freedom. I say, crying out for freedom. Please do not understand me to say she is crying out for missionaries. She is groaning under the burden, and longing for freedom. But alas! she does not know where to look, nor unto whom to cry. "How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" (Romans 10: 14, 15).

Some one may say, But they have heard of Christ, for the Roman Catholics do teach the people to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. If you will come with me for a while, and let us ask the people, as we meet them, if they can tell us where Christ is, you will be convinced. The answer given by almost every person met is, "He is in the church, up on Calvary." By this answer they refer to an image of Christ (supposed to be) that is kept in the church on a hill near the town or village. This is the idea of the average mind as to where the blessed Christ of God is. For this reason I say they have not heard of Christ. Theirs is a dead Christ. They reverence the cross and forget the Christ. They worship Mary, and forget the Savior.

A few weeks ago a man's horse jumped into a lake and swam a good ways to reach the other side. The next morn-

ing he got the horse out of the rushes and mud on the other side. He told me that was a miracle of the Virgin. He went on to tell me that the Virgin knows our needs and takes much interest in us before God. I asked him if he should get sick would he send for the doctor or for the doctor's mother?

Every village and farm must have its hut with its

A NATIVE FAMILY.

patron saint. An annual feast is celebrated in honor of this saint. At this feast the people have as much distilled rum as they can get money to buy, and as much home-made rum as they can furnish among themselves. These feasts are attended mostly by Indians. They have music (?) and fire-crackers. At the appointed time the music and dancing begin. They dance and drink as long as they can stand up. Generally it ends in a free-for-all fight, with some dead or wounded. The immorality at these feasts is appalling; and the worst of all is, that all this goes on under the eye of the priests, and they do nothing to correct the error. As far

as I know, all the money the priest gets out of the feast is what he charges for pronouncing the benediction upon the image. The images have no power until they are blessed by the priest. Do you see the point?

Now let us change the question and ask, Why not do missionary work in Roman Catholic countries?

CHAPTER V.

TRIP FROM BARRIOS TO COBAN.

As you follow me on this trip, you will at least get some idea of what it means to travel in Central America. You will see some of the hardships that the missionaries undergo; or to say at least the inconveniences that they suffer in order to get from place to place.

The question may come to your mind as to why we have our work so far from the coast, and thus necessitate such a long, hard trip to reach our headquarters.

It is true that Coban is far from the sea; but, after looking over the field, it is doubtful if a better location could have been found. The elevation is over four thousand feet, and this gives four seasons with a delightful climate. The summers are pleasant, and the winters resemble those of our southern states. Best of all, this high plateau is a very healthful place, and while the people are suffering with the heat along the coasts and in other parts of the interior and fighting the fever, our people are enjoying good health in the beautiful climate. We feel that our people have been highly favored with this field in which to labor.

You will see at once that traveling is not what it is in the States. One must know where he is going to stop for the night, and send a telegram announcing his coming if he expects any accommodations. This is true even with the hotels; and many towns do not have a place for travelers. In these places one has to find a home in which to lodge, and be satisfied to put up with what these poor people put up with all the time.

The writer arrived in Barrios on Wednesday evening, December 19th. Brother and Sister A. R. Higgs and I were told that we could not get to Livingston until the next day, although this town was only twelve miles across the bay.

The next morning Sister Lillie Oliver came over on the boat from Livingston. After getting our baggage through the Custom House we went aboard the launch for its return trip.

I wanted to get to Coban as soon as possible, but found out that I would have to wait several days. My only means of going was by boat, and it made the trip once a week. However, the missionaries made me feel at home, and I enjoyed my stay. We had a service each evening and three services on Sunday.

Monday morning at 4 o'clock I bade the missionaries good-by, and in company with a German and his wife and their two servants and two Spaniards, I started once again for Coban, a distance of two hundred miles. On account of the darkness I missed the beautiful river scenery. Soon after daylight we passed into Lake Isabal. About 10 o'clock the German, with his wife and servants, stopped at a beautiful lakeside home and left the Spaniards and I to continue the journey.

Just before noon our boat put into the mouth of a river called the Rio Dulce. This stream proved to have a very winding course, and on both sides was a heavy growth of trees and underbrush. The heavy green foliage shut off the view, so I busied myself watching for alligators. I think I counted eleven during the afternoon, and some of them were quite large.

At 6 o'clock, just as it was getting dark, we arrived at the head of navigation at a town called Panzos. If you make this town in your travels, do not inquire for the hotel, but rather for the Company house. I had been told that it was one-half mile up the railroad track, and then up the trail to my right. This lodging house is kept up by the railroad company for the benefit of those passing that way.

On leaving the boat, I started up the track, but had not gone far when a handcar loaded with negroes came up from behind. They brought the car to a stop, and one of them

yelled, "Come on, white man!" They made room for me and my grips, and in a few minutes we reached the lodging house, around which were many native homes. On entering this one-room house I saw, by the dim light from a tallow candle, four beds. As nearly as I could tell there was no choice, so I took the one nearest the door. It was not long until a Spaniard came in, so I had company.

Being very tired, I was soon fast asleep. About 11 o'clock I was awakened by the yelling of the negroes. I then recalled that it was Christmas eve, and realized that the inhabitants were preparing to celebrate. About 12 o'clock they seemed to reach the climax. I have my doubts if there was a man or woman in town, outside the Company house, but what was drunk. I found no dry territory in Central America. They ship in great quantities of liquor, and then manufacture a bad quality of rum; and from all appearances there are few people who do not drink.

The celebration continued throughout the night. About 5 o'clock I was up, making preparations to resume my journey. I wanted to make the train which was to leave about 6 o'clock. I had no trouble finding the coach, and at 5: 50 the whistle blew, and the train started for Pancajche, a town twenty-eight miles away.

The engine, a cattle car, and a coach made up the train. The baggage and freight was placed in the cattle car, and the coach, though not more than thirty-six feet long, had two apartments, the larger for the passengers riding first-class and the other for those going second-class. I was unable to distinguish any difference in the accommodations; but I know that the superintendent of the railroad and the writer occupied one apartment and the natives rode in the other apartment.

I had been informed that the train made very poor time. I could find no train schedule; but from the most reliable information I calculated that we should get to Pancajche by 9 o'clock. The superintendent declared that as a rule

they made the trip in three hours; but the trip on Christmas proved the exception, for it was ten minutes of twelve o'clock when we arrived.

I was glad indeed to meet Brother Franklin when he came into the coach to help me off with my baggage. He had arrived with the mozos and horses at 9 o'clock, and had arranged for our Christmas dinner. I was ready for something, for I had had nothing warm since Sunday evening, and it was then Tuesday noon.

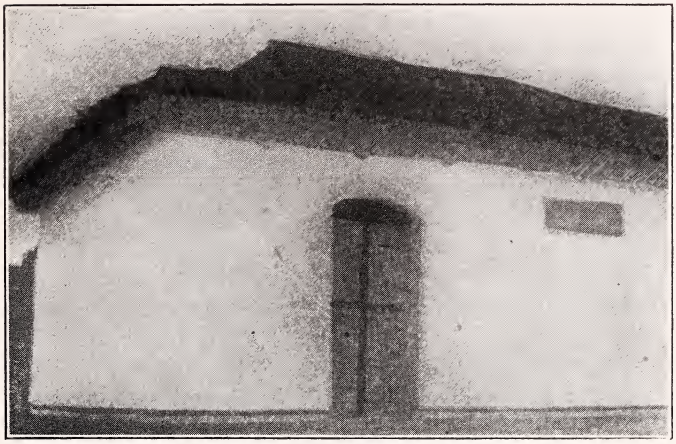
Brother Franklin had secured the very best to be had, and in the shade of some trees we sat down in the dirt and asked the blessing of the Lord upon the scrambled eggs, tortillas, and hot tea. As the writer ate his Christmas dinner, he thought of home and friends; but was conscious of the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost. As soon as we finished our dinner we turned the trunk and two grips over to the mozos, saddled our horses, and were off for a twenty-five-mile ride. I had not been on a horse for eight years, and toward evening began to grow weary.

On the road we met many Indians, who were returning from the Christmas feasts. Many of them were under the influence of liquor. They had drank and danced all night at their religious feasts; and had done it all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We passed the towns of Tucuru and Tamahu, and stopped for the night at a coffee plantation. Here we had a good warm supper and a good place to rest. It was here that I had an experience, and one not to be coveted. We were shown to our sleeping apartment on the first floor of a large two-story concrete house, the roof being of galvanized iron. Being tired from the long ride, we soon fell asleep. But between the hours of 11 and 12 I was suddenly awakened. My bed was shaking, and the building was swaying, and floor above was creaking. My companion, Brother Franklin, bounded from his bed and pronounced it an earthquake. For some time there were slight vibra-

tions. We afterward learned that this shock of Christmas night caused great destruction in Guatemala City. We were soon able to resume our slumbers, and did not awake until the breaking of the day.

As soon as we could get our horses saddled we were off for our thirty-five-mile ride to Coban. After riding about



FIRST MISSION BUILDING IN COBAN.

twelve miles, we arrived at Tactic, where we had a good breakfast at a native hotel. After an hour's rest we resumed our journey. I became very tired. The road in many places was rough, and where the road was good it was generally steep, and thus we had an up and down life. The miles became very long, and I wondered if we would ever reach the goal. Finally, my brother called my attention to a high promontory over which the road passed, and informed me that we would reach that point in thirty-five minutes, and five more minutes would bring us to the top of the hill where we could see Coban.

I shall not forget very soon how glad I was when I first caught sight of the city. We were just three miles away, and although the city is forty-two hundred feet above sea level, I found it downgrade all the way; and there were places where it was decidedly steep. Just after starting down the mountain, we met Brother R. S. Anderson who had come out to meet us.

After the exchange of greetings we pressed on through the mud and over the rocks toward home. I say "home," for I shall never be more delighted to see my own home than I was that day when we stopped at the gate and dismounted. Although I was nearly past walking, I thanked the Lord for a safe arrival, and that the journey to Coban was a thing of the past.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR WORKERS.

I know you will be interested in our missionaries on the field. Very much depends upon these workers. They are ambassadors of the King to foreign lands. They are His servants, and at the same time representatives of the church. The General Foreign Missionary Board has seen fit to commission them. They sailed from the homeland under marching orders. We have committed the work on the great field to them.

They are God-called men and women. They heard the call and responded. Surely they have given up all to follow Jesus. They have not gone to the field on a vacation, but have settled it to live and die and give their lives for the salvation of these people.

While they are responsible for the work to a large extent, yet we in the homeland can share with them. We can back them up with our prayers and hold up their hands while they carry on the blessed warfare. The work at times is extremely heavy, and they have many problems to solve.

The missionary's family is a problem. This is not an ideal place to rear children; and though it is possible to cope with the situation while the children are small, yet there comes a time when the boys and girls must be sent to the States to finish their education. This is only one of the many problems that comes into the life of the missionary.

In order that you may become better acquainted with our missionaries I have prepared a very short biography of each.

REV. R. S. ANDERSON, SUPT. MRS. MAUDE ANDERSON.

Brother and Sister R. S. Anderson are natives of the state of South Carolina. They were not only born in the same state, but the records show that they were born in the same year, 1882. Both were converted while still in their teens, and Brother Anderson began to preach at the age of nineteen. Like many others who are traveling life's road together, they attended the same school. After giving their hearts to God, they enrolled in the Bible and Missionary Institute in Greenville, S. C. Brother Anderson remained here three years, doing evangelistic work during the summer, and Maude Watson remained a year longer, doing evangelistic work the last two summers.

These young people were married early in the year of 1904. Having a great desire to be a blessing in this world, and Brother Anderson having an uncle doing missionary work in Central America, they started for the field, arriving November 15, 1904. The first two months were spent at Livingston, and then they went to Zacapa, where they

remained nine months. During these months the field and its needs were studied, and Coban, the capital of the department of Alta-Verapaz, was chosen as an advantageous point from which to carry on a work. Arrangements were accordingly made, and Brother Anderson and wife moved into Coban on November 4, 1905. This has been their home ever since, except for a furlough taken for Brother Anderson's health.

In 1908, his health became so impaired that he took the family and returned to the States in November, and did not get back to Coban until March, 1910. In 1914, Brother Anderson himself made a short trip to the states on business.

CHILDREN OF THE MISSIONARIES.

The soldiers of the cross first went to the field under the Pentecostal Mission of Nashville, Tenn., and were supported by that organization until it united with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene in 1915. They are members of the church in Nashville, Tenn.

It has been more than thirteen years since Brother and Sister Anderson landed on the mission field, so they are missionaries of experience. Many things might be said in their favor. God has certainly been with them, and to meet them is to love them. Brother Anderson is Superintendent of our work, and his long experience, coupled with the fact that he is a young man, and because God is with him and his wife, we predict many, many years of usefulness in the mission work in Central America.

Brother JOHN D. FRANKLIN was born in the state of Mississippi in 1881. He was converted when but a boy, and sanctified when about twenty-one years of age. Because of this step he was turned out of the Missionary Baptist church, but feeling the need of a home, he joined a holiness church that later united with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at Pilot Point, Texas, in 1908.

Brother Franklin began to preach in 1903, and as soon as he became a member of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene he was sent to Mexico as a missionary, in October of 1908. When the trouble came in Mexico, in 1912, he returned to Texas and entered Peniel University. His course was finished in 1914, when he engaged in home mission and colportage work. He worked faithfully at this until the General Foreign Missionary Board appointed him and his wife as missionaries to Central America. They arrived on the field in August of 1917, and because of their experience in Mexico with the Spanish-speaking people, and their love for God and precious souls, they should see years of valuable service on the field.

REV. J. D. FRANKLIN.

MRS. LAURA FRANKLIN.

MISS EUGENIA PHILLIPS.

Sister Laura Franklin, like her husband, is a Southerner by birth, and was also born in the same year, 1881; but in Alabama instead of Mississippi. Her father was crushed in a coal mine when she was quite small, and her mother took her and her sister and moved to Texas in 1888, but soon returned to their native state, where the mother died in 1892. The girls went to live with an uncle, who soon moved to Texas. Laura was converted at the age of fifteen, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. She was married to Brother Franklin in 1903, and since that time has been in the work with her husband, sharing the joys and blessings as well as the privations of a missionary's life.

Eugenia Alice Phillips was born in Perry Ralls County, Missouri, in August of 1883, but moved with her parents to Oregon when but five years of age. She says that one of her earliest recollections was that she had a desire to be a Christian. At the age of ten she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, but was not definitely converted until she was twenty-two years old. From this point I think I will quote the sister's own words:

"I was teaching school in eastern Oregon at the time, walking three miles to school, and the Lord cornered me and began throwing judgment light on my pathway. Pungent Holy Ghost conviction siezed me, and in dead earnest I told the Lord I'd do anything to get right with Him. The Holy Spirit himself led me through, and I knew that I was born again. Later He sanctified me wholly, but not knowing how necessary to obey God in every detail, I lost the keen edge of my experience although I never backslid in the sense of going back into the world, for I said good-by to the world for ever. Two years after I was converted the Lord opened the way for me to go to the Deets Pacific Bible

College, then in Los Angeles, Cal. There, after much seeking, the Lord again sanctified me, October 8, 1909. Four years longer I had the privilege of being in a holiness school, in which I completed my liberal arts course in June, 1914. I took this work in Nazarene University.

"During the summer following my first year of college work the Lord definitely called me to spend my life among the Spanish-speaking people, more especially the Mexican people; and immediately I began to look for Mexican folks, and for three years and a half each Sunday afternoon, in company with several others, we went to the Mexican camps and private homes to preach the gospel. From these meetings there were twelve beautifully saved, some of whom were also sanctified.

"After leaving Pasadena, I returned to my home in Oregon, and for three years I taught in the public schools of Oregon, during which time I got some splendid, workable plans in school work which will prove of great value in my school work on the mission field. I feel definitely called to Christian teaching. I have had eight years' teaching experience in the schools of Oregon, and four months and a half in the grammar school of Nazarene University. Had the Nazarene University been a standard university, Oregon would have granted me a life state diploma. With my other work in preparation for the mission field, I have had one year of lecture and demonstration work in nursing in the university, under Mrs. Lindberg, and some practical experience since. Also I have had at least a year of manual training, six months of which were spent in the planing mills of Dallas under expert cabinet makers.

"On May 14, 1917, my missionary appointment was issued, and on June 17th I was ordained by the Northwest District Assembly. On August 8th I set sail for Coban,

Guatemala, C. A., the field of my commission. I am a member of the First Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene of Spokane, Wash., and am supported by the churches of the Spokane Section of the Northwest District."

CHAPTER VII.

OUR NATIVE WORKERS.

It is wonderful what salvation does for the Spanish people. When they get saved they become missionaries to their own people. They remind me of Philip and Andrew. The former found Nathanael and the latter did not rest until he found his own brother Simon, and these new converts said, "We have found the Christ."

It is very necessary to send missionaries from the home land; but we can not get along without the native workers. The missionaries are indispensable when it comes to superintending; but these natives can get into the homes and carry the gospel and do a work that can not be done by foreigners. If we are to enlarge our tent and stretch the curtains of our habitation, we must have a large band of native workers.

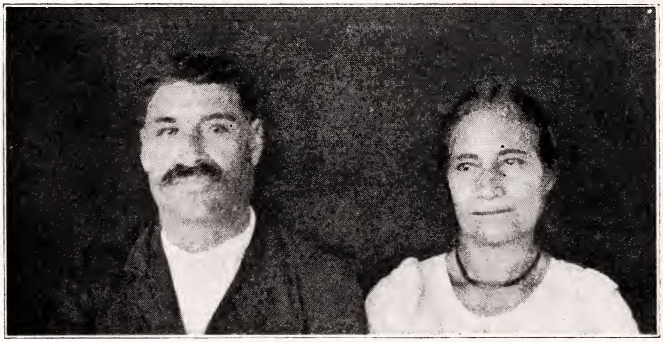
It was the writer's privilege to visit these workers in their homes, and watch them in the services. They gave their testimonies, which will be found on the following pages. Some of their expressions sound very queer when translated into English; but if you could hear them give their testimonies in Spanish, you would enjoy them even though you could not understand. Their faces shine as they testify in the Spirit. These dear people said they hoped their testimonies would be a blessing to the people in the States.

BY JARVIER DE LA CRUZ

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul" (Psalm 66: 16).

I must say that I was one of the worst men living, but of course counted myself a pretty good fellow. I loved worldly pleasures and obeyed the Devil. I lived without

God and was His enemy. I didn't love my wife and children, and was very ungrateful. But, thank God! at the age of thirty-six I came to Jesus and cast my sins at the foot of the cross, and confessed out to God and abandoned myself to Him, and He had compassion on my poor soul.



DON JARVIER DE LA CRUZ. MAGDALENA DE LA CRUZ.

I was converted on January 16, 1916. Thanks be unto God. I followed Him faithfully until one night in April of the same year He sanctified me. Jesus Christ is my Savior and the Holy Ghost abides. "By the grace of God I am what I am." I also thank God for the privilege of being a soldier of the Cross; and my desire and purpose is to follow Him and serve Him with more zeal and love. I want to be a faithful worker and bring many souls to Jesus.

"For I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me" (Gal. 2: 19, 20).

Blessed be the name of the Lord!

BY MAGDALENA DE LA CRUZ

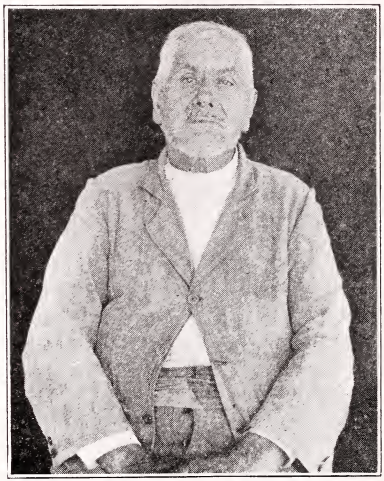
Thank God! I have found salvation in and through my dear Savior, Jesus Christ. I thought I was a good woman, but at the age of thirty the Lord spoke to my heart and said, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I accepted the invitation.

One day I left home. I recall that it was the 27th day of December, 1915. I went from home with the intention of leaving my husband. It so happened that I passed by the home of Brother R. S. Anderson. They were having an

EUSEBIA DE LA CRUZ,
Converted at the age of seventy-eight.

afternoon prayermeeting. I entered the home. I hardly know why. Naturally, I was timid, but I made myself known to the people. I felt that there was something about the meeting which was more than ordinary. God was surely present.

On the 10th of January I confessed my sins to God and accepted Jesus as my Savior. The Lord gave me strength to abandon my sins, and today I have joy and peace in my soul, through Jesus Christ, my Savior. Thank God! I am not what I was. The old life has passed away, and He has given me a new life. My purpose is to follow Christ and serve Him with a heart full of love, and be more useful in His hands. Thank God for His mercies to me. May this testimony be to the glory of my dear Savior.



DON PEDRO ALVARADO.

BY PEDRO ALVARADO

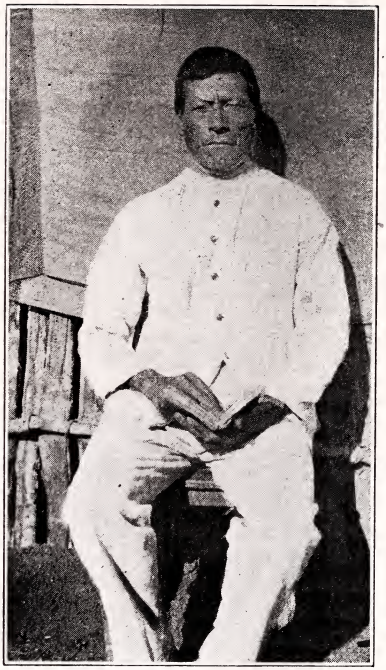
I am a Mexican by birth, but have lived in Guatemala since the year 1897. I accepted Jesus as my Savior under the ministry of Rev. J. T. Butler. While I was working on a coffee plantation, I received a package of tracts. At the time I did not know where they came from, but soon found out that there was a mission in Coban. After a short time God touched my heart, and I felt the need of having a Bible. I wrote to Brother Butler, and he sent me one, and wrote a letter explaining how to study it. While reading the third chapter of St. John, I saw the great love God had for men. The sixteenth verse especially attracted my attention. His love reached my heart, and from that time I began to live a different life. From time to time the workers visited me on the plantation. My wife accepted Christ and forsook her sins. We were greatly helped by the visits from the missionaries, and by reading the Word and the tracts.

In 1915, my boss sent me to Coban to build a house. Here I heard the gospel preached, and was baptized by Rev. R. S. Anderson on the 4th of July of the same year. Thank God for the privilege of serving Him! Though I feel my weakness, I hope He may use me to bring many souls to the foot of the cross.

In May, 1917, after we had finished the chapel in Coban, I was accepted as a worker and sent to San Pedro. May God's blessings rest upon my brethren and myself in this great work.

BY BONIFACIO JAUREZ

When I was twelve years of age, I came into possession of a copy of the New Testament, but did not read it much, as I did not know that it contained the plan of salvation. About three years ago Don Pedro Alvarado stopped at my house to spend the night. He talked to me about salvation and told me about Jesus. After his visit I found a love



DON BONIFACIO JUAREZ.

awakened for the Word of God, and as soon as I could I bought a Bible. I soon saw the light, and gave my heart to God, and was saved. I began to straighten up my life. For forty years I had been a great sinner, committing all kinds of sin. Among other things I was not married to the woman with whom I lived; but as soon as possible I got married. Now we are both enjoying salvation, and are

happy together and God is blessing us in many ways. We saw that we had to quit selling rum, and so poured it out. Today we are working and trusting God to supply all our needs.

With a little help from the Mission and from my neighbors, I have built a small house to be used as a mission and schoolhouse. The house stands on one corner of my land. We have some good meetings. When the missionaries and native workers can not come to preach for us, I take charge of the Sunday school and services. We live fifteen miles from Coban, and do not get in there to meeting very often. The Lord has blessed us even in material things since we gave our hearts to Him. Jose, our boy, is ten years old and loves Jesus. Pray for us.

BY JOSE SIMEON LAZARO

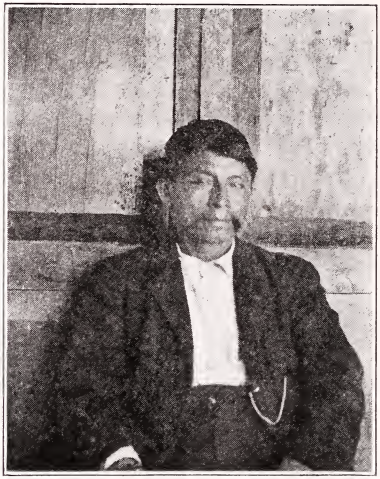
I was born in 1877. My father died when I was eleven years old. I hoped in my mother, but she died two years later. In my sadness I left home and went to Santa Ana, El Salvador, where I worked for three years. Here I had the privilege of attending a night school.

Having promised to visit the image in Esquipulas, I returned home in January, 1905, to fulfill my vow. I prayed to this image, begged his forgiveness, burned candles, and offered wax images and put a silver dollar in the money-box. This I did because the people had told me the idol had power to work miracles and to forgive sins. Afterward I confessed my sins to a priest, and he made me do penance by chanting the Lord's Prayer once and "Ave Maria" seven times; but my heart remained the same — in darkness. I learned to chant the Rosary of Mary, and attended many idol feasts.

I lived in sin with a woman, and a daughter was born to us. The woman left me when the child was three years old. About this time I accepted a position in Santa Elena,

and while there a man gave me some tracts from the American Tract Society. The same man invited me to a meeting. This was my first time to hear the gospel. Miss Cora Wildman preached.

Afterward I suffered much persecution. I was working



DON JOSE SIMEON LAZARO.

in Vado Gondo during holy week, and two fellows tried to get me to drink. When I refused, one of them put a dagger to my breast, but God protected me. (Luke 21: 18.) Later I was invited to a meeting in Zacapa, where I confessed my sins to God and was saved. The day following I offered to accompany Ruth Esther Smith and J. T. Butler on an evangelistic trip. We were away from home one

month and twenty-five days. Then I returned home and testified to my own people.

I give a small part of my time to the work in the printing office and the rest to evangelizing, distributing Bibles and tracts in the towns and on the plantations. Thank God, I was obedient to the heavenly vision!

CHAPTER VIII.

POSSIBILITIES IN CENTRAL AMERICA

We have before us a question that naturally arises in the minds of the people. What are the opportunities on the field and the possibilities of securing results? Are we going to see something for the effort and money put forth? Does it pay to send the gospel to Latin America?

In this country we find 5,250,000 people, and of this number comparatively very few have accepted the gospel of Jesus Christ; many as yet have never heard the gospel, and of the great number that have heard the story of salvation only a few have heard it enough to get an intelligent conception.

When one understands something of the conditions that have prevailed in this country for centuries past, they will see why it takes so long for the light to break through upon these poor darkened, benighted souls. They have been burdened with a religious system. In the beginning it was forced upon them; but as time has gone on, it has been woven into the very fiber of the life of the people. Because of the ignorance which prevails, they are naturally held by the bonds of superstition. Then persecution is brought into play. If one turns from Catholicism, he knows what the result will be. Every means is resorted to in order to hold the people, and thus hinder the work of the missionary.

But, is this any reason why we should give up the fight and withdraw from the field? If God's children had given up every hard field, long ago the Devil would have been in possession of every land. Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature"; and again he said, "and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Our duty is to go. I prefer to say

that it is a privilege to go. He has promised to take care of the results.

We must not get our mind on a hard field and see only those things that are near. The uplook is grand. The Sun of Righteousness shines all glorious. There is nothing too hard for Him. My Savior knows nothing about hard cases and hard fields. He is able to penetrate the darkness and batter down the walls of sin and superstition in every land.

The outlook in Central America is encouraging. God is with us, and we are sure to win. The battle seems to be turning in favor of the forces of righteousness. The missionaries say that the sun is coming up over the hills. They declare that the public mind seems to be in process of a change, and that it is for the better.

The people seem to be getting their eyes open to the real situation. There is a movement that is away from the Romish church. For instance, the officials, business men, those of the higher class have denounced the old church, and refuse to allow their wives and daughters to go to confession. These men have not accepted Jesus Christ, but the most of them are friendly to the missionaries and their work.

Then among the lower classes there is an awakening and consequently it is easier to get a hearing, and there is more inquiry for the gospel than ever before. At the present time by far the largest part of the missionary work is being done in Guatemala. The missionaries have not been able to push out into the other republics. Natives are coming across from Spanish Honduras, inquiring about the gospel of Jesus Christ. They have invited the missionaries to come and tell them about Jesus, declaring that there are cities of several thousand that have never even had a visit from a missionary.

If we take the population of the country and divide this number by the number of missionaries, we find that each

one has a parish with 87,500 people. When we think of this number and take into consideration that most of the people live in the country and small villages, you will see that it is impossible with the present force to get the gospel to the people.

Here is one of the golden opportunities of the present century for missionary work. The field lies before us, and the ripened grain stands ready for the coming of the reapers. The people are dying without God, and many have never had a chance to accept Jesus. Who will go?

CHAPTER IX.

THE SCHOOL

The carrying of the gospel and the impartation of knowledge has been the work of the church on the foreign field. The preacher and the teacher have gone hand in hand and worked side by side. There is no doubt but what these two lines of work have their place, and that neither must be neglected. As to which is the most important, the preaching of the gospel and the salvation of precious souls, or the imparting of knowledge and the education of the people, there should be no question. The primary object of all missionary work should be the salvation of the people. Everything else should be secondary.

However, in this day, when people are running after knowledge and making it a god, and before which multitudes bow and worship, it has become quite the popular thing to send teachers to the field to teach the heathen, with the hope that they will gradually accept Jesus Christ. Not long since it was the writer's privilege to speak before the faculty and students of a religious training school in one of our large cities. While there a young man said that the day before he had called upon the president of one of the missionary boards of the city with a view of going to South America as a missionary. The missionary leader was frank to say that what was needed in Latin America was teachers — young men who would go to wear their long broadcloth coats and stiff hats, and carry a cane so as to be able to associate with the upper classes and thus win them.

I give the above illustration because it brings out the type of missionary work being done on many fields today.

If our mission in the first place is to educate the people, then this brother has the correct theory; but if we are to go and preach the gospel and first win them to Jesus, surely he is wrong.

But, some one says, "You must give them an education before they are capable of accepting the gospel. This might be true if the trouble was in the mind; but as the seat of sin is in the heart, and man is what his heart is, therefore the heart needs to be changed. The most illiterate can experience a change of heart.

Salvation is the primary need of the heathen. Give him an education first, and he becomes proud and independent. He does n't need God. Preach the gospel and get him to accept Jesus as his personal Savior, and then give him the advantage of a school. They need an education; but they need Jesus first. Then the education will become a blessing and not a curse.

We believe in the school, and feel that it should have an important place in our work in Latin America. The children must have the advantages of a school. Of course, they can attend the public schools; but how would you like to have your boys and girls associate and grow up with children who are so bad and have such a low standard of morals that they are not allowed to attend the same school after they are seven years of age? Not only is this true, but when the natives denounce the Catholic church and accept Jesus, they are marked. Every one knows it, and their children as well as themselves are in line for persecution; and thus it is hard for the little ones to attend these schools. Then the public schools are poorly disciplined, and the teachers are in many cases very inefficient.

For these and other reasons we are glad that we have a school of our own in Coban. Miss Eugenia Phillips is the superintendent. She has three Spanish young women to assist in the work. At the present time there are more

than thirty boys and girls in attendance. Some of them are from Catholic homes. What an opportunity this is to get into the homes and carry the gospel to the fathers and mothers! Then think of the influence under which the children come every day. Sister Phillips reads the Word, tells them Bible stories, and prays with them; and this is bound to produce fruit in the days to come.

The Friends have an excellent school in Chiquimula, not only for the boys and girls but for the native workers; and already from this school numbers have gone out to bless the world.

We hope that the time will soon come when we can give a Bible course for the benefit of our native workers. We predict a great future for the school. Miss Phillips is well qualified for her position, and has had several years' experience as a teacher. Let us stand behind this part of the work, and in a few years we shall have young people going out as teachers and missionaries, and thus the Lord's army of workers shall be added to, and His coming hastened.

NAZARENE SCHOOL, COBAN, GUATEMALA, C. A.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEED IN WORKERS AND FUNDS.

Workers to go and the means to send them are necessary to carry on the work. As long as we keep the revival fires burning we shall have the workers. God does n't save people just to get them to heaven. He saves people for a purpose. He desires that every one be a missionary. He expects us to do something. When Don Jarvier, whose picture is found on another page, was converted, he began to pray and work for the salvation of the family. He had an aged mother and six brothers and sisters. Four of the seven have been saved. Thank God for such a missionary spirit.

God is calling some of our very best young people to the field. Miss Phillips and Miss McPherson have just gone "to the front." Very soon Miss Carson, Miss Walter, Miss Benton, and Rev. K. Hawley Jackson and wife will be saying "Good-by," and be off for South America, India, and Japan. How we should like to see the number increase! Would n't it be grand if we could get to a place, in this the greatest of all work, that whenever we picked up a new copy of *The Other Sheep* we should see the notice of some missionary leaving for the harvest field across the sea!

To make this possible we must have the funds. We have a number of missionaries who are ready to sail. They must wait for the people to respond. It is true that last year we gave $80,000; but we must at the very least show an increase of 50 per cent this year; and even with $120,000 for the foreign work, the board would not be able to send out all of those who are ready to go.

From the latest report there are twenty-five on appointment, and waiting to go. Think of the multiplied thousands who are waiting to hear the gospel from these missionaries! Will we allow the work to suffer for the lack of a few thou-

sand dollars? Twenty-five thousand dollars would put them on the field and keep them a year. Think of what we are doing to put the boys in the trenches and to win this war! The government is asking us to observe meatless days and wheatless days and to buy Liberty bonds. Will we do as much to save souls and advance the kingdom of God among men?

Let us as Pentecostal Nazarenes do something we have never done before. I do not want to be visionary; but I do believe in getting a vision. If we as pastors could only get a vision and begin to preach and pray and get a real burden for this work, we could average $5 a member for every church in America for foreign missions. That would mean $160,000 a year. Brother pastor, will you raise $5 a member? Think of the way in which God would bless our churches! Surely He would open up the windows of heaven.

Money given to missions will bring returns. God will return it with interest. He blesses a missionary church. If you have a church debt, the best way to pay it is to begin to give to missions. If you are having a hard time to keep up the running expenses, give more money to missions, and then God will send in the money for the expenses. Then think of the souls who will be saved if we do what is possible to be done! We have the laborers. Can we have the money? "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it" (Mal. 3: 10).

Now, just a word as to the immediate needs of the field. Brother Anderson, of Coban, writes me that he has borrowed money and bought mission property in Salama. He has gone in debt to the extent of $450. Thank God for men who will dare to step out and do something to advance the kingdom. My prayer is that some who read these lines

will feel that God would have them send at least a small amount through the office in Kansas City to Brother R. S. Anderson, and thus have a little part in this great work, and help to liquidate the debt on this property. What a blessed privilege it is to be co-laborers together with God. Amen!

CHAPTER XI.

HOMEWARD BOUND

The writer started for home on February 7th, after having spent exactly fifty days in the country. Our steamer, the *Parismina*, came in sight early in the morning. After about an hour she tied up at the wharf in Puerto Barrios. We learned that this large passenger steamer was a New York boat, and that her regular run was from New York to Panama, but had been sent to New Orleans for this trip. By 9 a. m. the incoming passengers were ashore and the crew had unloaded the small cargo, and immediately began to load bananas for the return trip. The fruit is loaded by machinery, so trainload after trainload of bananas were brought on to the wharf to be packed away in the ship's hold. At 4 p. m. the passengers were allowed to go aboard, but the big boat did not sail until midnight. During the fifteen hours they loaded between forty-five and fifty thousand bunches of bananas, enough to load one hundred and fifty cars.

When we awoke on Friday morning we were out at sea. Late Sunday evening we began to look for land, for we knew we were getting close to the Louisiana coast. Darkness came on, and the fog settled down, and anchor was cast about 9 o'clock, Sunday evening. Monday morning the fog was very dense, and it was 11 o'clock before the fog lifted and the channel pilot came on board. The old boat made a great swing to right, and we were soon crossing the bar into the channel of the Father of Waters. Not a boat crosses the bar without the channel pilot. It brought to my mind how that Jesus Christ is our pilot. If He is on board, we will have no trouble in making the harbor.

When a boy in school I received the impression somehow that the city of New Orleans was located at the mouth of

the Mississippi river, very near the Gulf of Mexico. The impression was far from being a correct one, for after crossing the bar we were eleven hours reaching the city. To prove that I was glad to get my feet on United States soil again was evidenced by the fact that I was the first one of more than sixty passengers to leave the ship. I was soon in a taxi, and in a few minutes I was at the hotel. It was not long before a message was being flashed over the wires to my wife that I was safe in the homeland.

The following morning I was at the postoffice for my mail, and the day was spent writing letters, sending telegrams, and making plans for my trip home.

My first stop out of New Orleans was at Meridian, Miss. On Tuesday morning, February 12th, I had the privilege of addressing the faculty and students of Meridian College. Dr. Beeson, the president, gave me a warm welcome, and I had the pleasure of meeting Brother and Sister Butler's two oldest daughters. Brother Butler and wife are missionaries in Guatemala City. I also met Sister R. S. Anderson's brother, who is in school there. My stay was short, but the time was very pleasantly spent.

In the afternoon I took a train over the N. O. & N. E. through Alabama, Tennessee, and Kentucky, and the next morning I changed cars at Cincinnati for Dayton, Ohio. Here I was met by Brother J. M. Wines, pastor of our church. How I enjoyed renewing my acquaintance with Brother and Sister Wines! And then it was a real pleasure to be in their home and once more eat a home-cooked meal. It was the first one in eighteen days. What a treat! In the evening we had a blessed service. The heavy rain kept some at home, but the Lord was present, and we shall not forget the Dayton people soon. After the service I took a car for the army camp at Fairfield to visit my brother, who is an officer in the aviation corps.

The following morning I boarded a Pennsylvania train

for Greencastle, Indiana, and here met my old friends, Brother and Sister Guy McHenry. Here we had a gracious service. The Lord is helping these dear people, and the outlook is splendid.

On Saturday I made my way north, arriving in Hammond, Ind., just after dark. I never had met our pastor, Brother Balsmeier, but he and his good wife were looking for me, and they made me feel perfectly at home.

Sunday was one of the greatest days the Lord has ever let the writer experience. I spoke in the Hammond church in the morning. The Lord bless Brother and Sister Balsmeier and their people! By going without dinner I was able to reach the Chicago First Church for the afternoon service. Here I met Brothers Borders and Schurman for the first time. How I enjoyed worshiping with these dear people! I took a good look at the old altar where four years ago an awful battle was waged; but the Devil was defeated, for Jesus saved me with an uttermost salvation. Glory to God! I shall never forget the day. In the evening I was at the Woodlawn church. I enjoyed my visit with the pastor, Brother W. E. Shepard, and it was a rare treat to meet so many old friends. There was a beautiful spirit in the service, and the writer was wonderfully blessed in bringing a missionary message.

Monday morning I was called to speak at the Chicago Evangelistic Institute, and then hurried to Chicago Heights for the evening service. To meet these people seemed almost like getting home. This was my first pastorate after uniting with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Brother Milby, the pastor, and his people gave me a most cordial reception, and I found it impossible to pull myself away until I had given them four services. There is no doubt but what God has some choice people here; and the church can be counted on for missions.

From here I hurried to Olivet University to speak to the

faculty and students and renew old acquaintances; but after a few hours I started for Georgetown. Our pastor was away, but we had a profitable service. I met Brother Walter Henschen, a returned missionary from Central America.

Late Friday evening found me in Kansas City. Saturday was spent at the Publishing House, and Sunday was a busy day. I spoke both morning and evening in the First Church and at the mission in the afternoon. God is blessing Brother Chambers and his people. It was indeed a blessing to meet with them. I enjoyed meeting the brothers in the Publishing House and General Superintendents Reynolds and Williams. May the Lord bless them abundantly.

Tuesday evening, February 26th, I spoke at our church in Hutchinson, Kansas. Brother Dunham, the pastor and president of the school, gave me such a warm welcome that I could hardly believe that it was my first time to meet him. A few hour's rest was secured, and I boarded the westbound train for Denver. Here I was greeted by a snowstorm which blocked some of the street cars; but a few people braved the storm for the evening service. I was disappointed in not getting to see my old friend, the pastor, Rev. A. G. Crockett. He was away from the city. Sister Crockett was present.

From Denver, with all her snow, I turned north for the missionary conventions on the Idaho-Oregon District. I arrived in Boise just in time for the Friday evening service. Here I met my friend and brother, Rev. Charles A. Gibson, the pastor; District Superintendent N. B. Herrell, Dr. H. Orton Wiley, and Evangelist S. L. Flowers. It was the writer's privilege to speak three times at the convention, which closed, with the Sunday afternoon service, in a blaze of glory. Over $700 was raised for our foreign work. On Sunday evening we moved our force to Nampa. Here we were greeted with a crowd of five hundred people, and God

gave us a service long to be remembered. The people responded to the call, and over $900 was raised for foreign missions.

On Monday and Tuesday the writer enjoyed the chapel exercises at the college. God has surely given us a great school at Nampa, and the future is bright. Tuesday evening I spoke in our church at Caldwell. Here I found a fine class of people under the leadership of Brother and Sister Maddox.

The next morning, long before the dawning of the day, I boarded a westbound train for home, feeling that I had been repaid a thousand times for my trip. I trust the trip has already proved a blessing to many, and my only desire is to have some little part in getting the gospel to the lost of earth.